Chapter 46: The Games of the Divine Triad

In the vast and timeless castles of the Divine Triad, a sense of calm had settled. The Umbra Citadel, Eternis Draconis, and Absolute Castle stood as monuments of power and strength, their halls echoing with the quiet hum of eternity. The first clones and second clones of the Triad were scattered across the multiverse, carrying out their various duties, leaving the three most powerful beings in existence to pass the time as they pleased.

Sitting upon their thrones, Sung Jin-Woo, Sung Su-Ho, and Ashborn had little to worry about. The multiverse was secure, the balance maintained, and their forces were vast beyond measure. Yet, as the days stretched on, they found themselves growing restless in their idle moments. The endless power they wielded made their actions seem inconsequential, and the silence of their castles left them craving something to occupy their minds and bodies.

And so, they began to play.

The thrones of the Divine Triad were not merely for ruling; they were also a place of rest, where moments of leisure could be found. Sung Jin-Woo and Sung Su-Ho often engaged in friendly competitions, their rivalry a source of amusement. They played chess—strategies shifting across the board in ways that only the most brilliant minds could comprehend. They ventured into China's Chess, a game full of tactics and misdirection. Poker became another battleground, where bluffs and strategies unfolded in silence. Monopoly, with its wild rules of fortune, became a light-hearted test of patience and persistence.

On some days, they turned to PlayStation—an oddity in a universe filled with such power, but a simple pleasure nonetheless. The games on the screen became their escape, offering moments of nostalgia and connection to the world they once knew.

Through all these games, Ashborn watched silently. While Sung Jin-Woo and Sung Su-Ho were lost in their playful contests, Ashborn would lean back in his throne, observing the interactions with a calm smile. He had no interest in the games themselves, but rather in the bonds they created. The Divine Triad—these three beings who had once been forces of unimaginable destruction—had become something more: family. Their bond had transcended their roles as rulers and conquerors, and now, in the stillness of their immortal thrones, they were simply friends.

But their leisure was not entirely without purpose.

Sword and dagger training became another regular activity. Even though they were already beyond mortal limitations, the act of swinging a blade or wielding a dagger kept their minds sharp. They would sometimes engage in spear and shield exercises, testing their coordination and reflexes. Magic would flow from their hands in controlled bursts, just enough to keep their skills honed. It was a practice of remembrance—of all the battles they had fought and won, of the wars they had waged to protect their realms.

These exercises were not merely about maintaining power. They were a reminder of who they were and what they had fought for. The Triad knew that despite the vastness of their abilities, they could never truly forget the importance of struggle. Even if they were the strongest beings in the multiverse, the act of training kept them grounded in the memories of their past and the responsibility of their future.

As they trained, played, and rested in their castles, the Divine Triad was at peace. For the moment, there was no war to fight, no realm to conquer, no battles to wage. But deep down, they knew that their time would come again. The strength they had forged through millennia of conflict would one day be needed once more, and when that time arrived, they would be ready.

Until then, they would continue their games.